

An ANSWER to a late Abusive Pamphlet, Intituled, *The True-Born ENGLISHMAN*, &c.

Together with the True Character of

A True Englishman.

31. Jan. 170^o/₁

A Certain Barber, fraught with much Ill Nature,
Having thrust out into the World a Satyr,
Which, that he may his Reader best Trapan
To Read, he Stiles, *The True-Born Englishman* :
Wherein he goes about, with no small Stir,
The Character of *Englishmen* to Slur ;
And all their Faults in Black and White Display :
But if himself be One, as he does say,
The Work but ill becomes him ; for, at best,
Tis a *foul Bird* that thus *betrays his Nest* ;
And all the Odium Casts he can devise,
With most apparent Falsities and Lies,
Upon his *Native Country-Men* : Sure he,
At best, some *Bastard-Englishman* must be :
For none, but such a One, could be so Base,
To fly, like him, into his Country's Face :
Peers and Plebeians he together mixes,
And upon all, his Envious Venom fixes.
Then, to Atone for all the Dirt he flings,
A Panegyrick on King *WILLIAM* Sings :
But this, alas ! is but a Feint he uses,
Whilst he the *English Nation* thus Abuses :
We need not such black Pens as his, to Sing
Th' Unfully'd Glories of *Great Britain's King* :
King *WILLIAM's Praise* by *English Bards* is Sung ;
With *Abler Pens*, and a *Diviner Tongue* ;
For His Great Actions show His Mighty Soul,
Ev'n from the *Arctick*, to th' *Antarctick Pole*.
And *Englishmen*, maugre what He can say,
King *WILLIAM* Love, and Honour, and Obey ;
And do as much His Royal Title Own,
As any Monarch's e'er possess'd the Throne.
And therefore, that the World may plainly see
How very much unlike the *English* be,

To

To what he represents them, I have here
Set down in Brief their proper Character :

The True-Englishman.

THE *Free-Born English, Generous and Wise,*
Hate *Chains*, yet do not *Government* Despise :

Rights of the *Crown*, *Tribute* and *Taxes* They,
When *Lawfully Exalted*, *Freely* Pay ;
Which cannot be, but by their *own Consent*,
And given in a *Free-Chose Parliament* :
Force they *Abhor*, and *Wrongs* they *Scorn to Bear* ;
And to Assert their *Rights* they always *Dare*.
More guided by their *Judgment* than their *Fear* :
Justice by them was never held *Severe* :
Their *Pow'r* by *Tyranny* was never got :
Laws may perhaps *enslave* them, *Force* cannot :
Nor can their *Freedom* be by *Laws* *Destroy'd*,
For *Laws* 'gainst *Magna Charta* still are *Void* :
They therefore know (shou'd they be thus *Betray'd*)
Laws that are *Void*, are not to be *Obe'y'd* :
Kings are less *Safe*, in their *Unbounded Will*,
Joyn'd with the *Wretched Pow'r* of *Doing Ill* :
Forsoaken most, when they're most *Absolute* :
Laws *GUARD* the *Man*, and only *BIND* the *Brute*.
To force that *Guard* with its worst *For* to *Joyn*,
Can never be a *Prudent King's* *Design* :
What *Prince* would change to be a *Catiline* ?
Break his own *Laws*, shake the *Unquestion'd Throne* ;
Conspire with *Vassals* to *Usurp his Own* ?

Let *France* grow *Proud* beneath the *Tyrant's Lust*,
Whilst the *Wrack'd* *People* *Crawl*, and lick the *Dust* :
The *Mighty Genius* of this *Isle* *Disdains*
Both *High-shoon Slavery*, and *Golden Chains*.
England to *Servile Yoke* cou'd never *Bow* :
What *Conq'rours* ne'er *Presum'd*, who *dares* do *now* ?
In vain *Rome's* *Bishop* then does *Wrack his Brain* :
No *Popish* *Prince* can in this *Island* *Reign*,
Though *Spain* be added to the *Crown* of *France*,
It will their *Courage*, not their *Fear*, *Enhance*.
Arm'd with *Blest Bibles*, and *Unalien Law*,
They'll guard *Themselves*, and keep the *World* in *Awe*.
And 'tis their *Honour*, *Europe* now must *wait*.
And from their *Great Resolves*, receive its *Fate*.

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